Bousin of Reed's.

Her Name Is Jane Trot, and She's a Woman of Mind.

She Defied the Whole City of Portland, Maine, and Came Out on Top.

While the Government Was Moving Her House She Lived in It Until It Fell Apart

CAME OF FIGHTING STOCK.

She Thinks Thomas, the Czar, Is as Honest "as He Can Be" and Would Make a Fair President of the United States.

Portland, Me., Jan. 3 .- While Thomas grackett Reed is bossing Congress, his cousin, Mrs. Jane Trott, is making Port- "and land step around. Mrs. Trott is one of no fear abo two in the family. She is full of pluck ab and determination. She eliminates her pluck and determination.

band from the scene in much the same y that her cousin wipes out the lower vo cackett Reed the only thing worth looking at in the National House of Repre-

t every boy of sixteen who would a dory fishing," she said. "He'll SHE SAVED ANOTHER WOMAN'S LIFE.

Woman in Trousers; A Man in Skirts.

They Changed Bicycle Costumes for a Day to Find Which Was Most Comfortable.

She Found New Comfort in but sm Tight Breeches and Small Jacket.

The Simple Costume of the Male Infinitely Preferable to Skirts or Bloomers.

Her New Clothes Added to Her Ease, Her Speed, Her Enjoyment of Life.

Had She Been in Conventional Clothes the Feat Would Have Been

the most intimate friend of the German Em-

Pasteur's Grave. No cypress-shadowed church yard, nor the

gloom of haunted cloisters, doth immortalize
The dust of him, whose patience proved more wise
To save, than Death to slay. The busy Glancing with silk, the teeming herd, the bloom
Of purpling vineyards, and the grateful
eyes
Of souls reprieved at Death's most dread
assize.
Shail make eternal gladuess round his tomb.

Not 'mid the dead should be be laid asleep
Who wageth still with Death triumphant
strife. Who sowed the good that centuries shall reap.
And took its terror from the healer's knife;
Defender of the living, he shall keep
His slumber in the arsenal of life.
—Alfred Hayes, in Westminster Gazette.

He Condemns the Garb of Women as Uncomfortable and Absurd.

I sped like the wind, running between carages and heavy-laden carts, and giving ages and heavy-laden carts, and giving myself not an inch to spare in squeezing rough! In woman's clothes I had never in a world heav the technique.

Nineteenth Century Female Garb Is a Heavy Handicap, He

THIN SHOES TORTURED HIS FEET.

His Humped "Bicycle Back" Almost Betrayed Him to a Suspicious Policeman.

skirts can retain her seat on a bicycle is a greater mystery to me than ever, now that I have tried the costume. Attired as Central Park on New Year's Day. In my natural garb the stiff breeze which blew that day would not have bothered me in the least. But I was twice blown from the least. But I was twice blown from Lenox avenue we went to One Hundred

II.

My costume consisted of a clean shave, ortified by a heavy black vell, a Fedora at, box coat with large balloon sleeves, hite sweater, brown skirt and bloomers, ggings, gloves, and a pair of tan shoes, he skirt reached to my feet, but did not need them. We started a young lady

Smallest tume, and when I returned from the ride the soles of both shoes were worn through Village. In riding the pedalling is done with the toes or ball of the foot, but owing to the arched

the pumper great pain.

These facts and a few others I learned while expecting arrest every minute. Masquerading in female attire is not sanctioned by law, but there are so many

Women and Children. Women and Children.

> Fire Place, L. I., with Two Houses, Holds the Record for Diminutiveness,

WHERE A SIGNAL FIRE WAS LIT.

Its Name Derived from an Ancient Practice of an Ancient Family, Whose Descendants Are Still Lords of the Neighboring Manor.

Long Island, is a village of two houses and eight inhabitants. It is the smallest vil-

bought of the Indians," as he wrote. Until the Revolutionary War the line of manor. For several generations the head of the family was always called Lord Gar-diner, and at least one of them has the

title engraved on his tombstone. Lineal descendants of Lion Gardiner have tain a home there even to the present time



"I put on my brother's clothes. His knickerbockers were a close-

my wheel, landing the first time in a nice, thick deposit of soft mud.

The fact that I am green in the management of fluttering skirts and inflated sleeves may have had something to do with the mishaps, but this much I learned. A three-hour ride in that costume completely exhausted me, whereas in the bicycle rig worm by the men I have ridden all day without the slightest fatigue. Were I a woman and devoted to wheeling I would dress as nearly like the men as the law allows. The resistance offered to the wind by those wide-spreading skirts and sleeves, was the most astonishing part of the experiment. I had no idea of what the ladies have to everome, and I am more than amazed to find that they still stick to the skirts. In running before the wind no inconvenience is felt, but stemming a strong breeze is a physical lungossibility. And in pedalling with the wind abeam I was twice capsized, to the deriment of my bloomers.

Another popular, bleycle handleap to which the ladies cling with a tenacity worthy of a better cause is the high-beeled in the ladies cling with a tenacity worthy of a better cause is the high-beeled in the ladies cling with a tenacity worthy of a better cause is the high-beeled in the ladies cling with a tenacity worthy of a better cause is the high-beeled in the ladies cling with a tenacity worthy of a better cause is the high-beeled in the ladies cling with a tenacity worthy of a better cause is the high-beeled in the ladies cling with a tenacity worthy of a better cause is the high-beeled in the ladies cling with a tenacity worthy of a better cause is the high-beeled in the ladies cling with a tenacity worthy of a better cause is the high-beeled in the ladies cling with a tenacity worthy of a better cause is the high-beeled in the ladies cling with a tenacity worthy of a better cause is the high-beeled in the ladies cling with a tenacity worthy of a better cause is the high-beeled in the ladies cling with a tenacity worthy of a better cause is the high-beeled in the ladies cling with the cause



Jane Trot, Reed's Cousin, and the Historic House in Which She Defied All Portland, Me. (Photographed expressly for the Journal)



Fireplace, L. I., the Smallest Town on Earth. (From a photograph.)